

# TOBACCO

BATTERED;

&

## THE PIPES

*SHATTERED*

(About their Eares

*that idly Idolize*

so base & barbarous

a WEED;

OR

*at least-Wise*

ouer-loue so loathsome

*VANITIE:)*

by

*A Volley of holy Shot*

Thundered

From Mount HELICON.

*Double Anagram,*

George Viliers: Sir George Viliers,  
Re-giue glories: Glorie-giuers rise.

**S**ir, Re-giue glories: Glorie-giuers rise.  
*How fits your happy Fate, your happy Name!*  
*Wherein, a Precept with a Promise lies,*  
*Presaging Good to grace-full BUCKINGHAM:*  
*For, be you Grate full for your Dignities;*  
*GOD and the KING will still increase the same.*  
*GOD, while you honour Him, will honour You:*  
*The KING will fauour, while you serue Him, new.*

To the right Honourable

St. GEORGE VILIERs, K<sup>t</sup>.

Baron of Whaddon: L. Vicount Viliers:

EARLE of BUCKINGHAM:

Master of the Horse to his Ma<sup>ty</sup>.

&

*Knight of the most Noble Order  
of the Garter, &c.*

YOur Noble Order, and your hallowed Name,  
Your Soueraign's Fauor, & your owne Profession;  
Promise Your Valour towards the Suppression  
Of Heathen Foes that Christian FAITH defame:  
Hence, here presume we (by the Trump of Fame)  
To call your Aide against the proud Oppression  
Of th' Infidel. vtrping FAITH's Possession,  
That Indian Tyrant, onely Englands Shame.  
Thousands of Ours here hath He Captiue taken,  
Of all Degrees, kept vnder flauish Yoak,  
Their God, their Good, King, Country, Friends for-  
To follow Follie and to feed on Smoake. (taken)  
Be GOD our Guide, St. GEORGE our Generall;  
VVee shall repell Him, and redeem Them All.

At Yo<sup>r</sup>. LoP<sup>s</sup>. Command  
IS

The humble Eccho  
of The MVSES.

## A Warning-Piece.

**R**ight noble Nobles, Generous Gentlemen,  
Lovers of Honor, and Your Countries Weal;  
You'l need no VVarning to avoid our Peal;  
Nor are in Leuel of our Poudered Pen:  
Nor Those that Yet will yeeld, and turne agen  
From th' Idol-Service of their Smoaky Zeal,  
To serue their GOD, their KING, their Cōmon-weal  
We shoot at Manners, we would saue the Men,  
But, Those rebellious that will still stand out  
Vnder the Standard of our Heathen Foe,  
With Pipe and Pudding rampir'd round about,  
Puffing & Snuffing at their threatned VVoe;  
At such, our Canor shall Here thunder thick:  
Gunner, your Lin-stock, Come, giue Fier quick.

Tis best Praise-worthy, To haue pleas'd the Best:  
This Wee endenour;                      and desie the rest.

TO.



# TOBACCO

## BATTERED.

**W**HAT-euer GOD *created*, first was good ;  
And good for Man , while Man vprightly  
But, falling Angels causing Man to fall, (stood  
His foule *Contagion* con-corrupted All  
His fellow-Creatures, for his Sinne accurst,  
And for his sake transformed from their First ;  
Till G O D and M A N, Mans Leprie to re-cure,  
By Death kild *Death*, re-making *All things* pure :  
But, *To the pure*; not to the stil-*Prophane*,  
Who (Spider-like) turne Blessings into Bane;  
Vsurping (right-les, thank-les, need-les) heer,  
In wanton, wilfull, wastefull, lustfull Cheer,  
Earths plentious Crop , which G O D hath onely giuen  
Vnto his Owne, (Heires both of Earth and Heauen)  
Who onely (rightly) may with *Praise* and *Prayer*,  
Enioy th' increase of Earth, of Sea, and Ayre,  
Fowle, Fish, and Flesh, Gems, Metalls, Cattel, Plants ;  
And namely, (That which now no *Ingle* wants)  
Indian T O B A C C O, when due cause requires ;  
Not the drie *Droppie* of *Phantasticke* Squires.

None therefore deeme that I am now to learne  
 (How euer dim I many things discern)  
 Reason and Season, to distinguish fit  
 Th' *Vse* of a thing, from the *Abuse* of it ;  
*Drinking*, from *drunking*, *Saccharum cum Sacco*;  
 And *taking* of, from *taking* all T O B A C C O.

Yet out of high Disdaine and Indignation,  
 Of that sterne Tyrant's strangest Vsurpation,  
 Once, demi-Captiue to his puffing Pride,  
 (As millions are, too-wilfull fooliſh'd)  
 Needs must I band against the need-lesse *Vse*  
 Of Don T O B A C C O, and his foule *Abuse* :  
 Which (though in *Inde* it be an Herbe indeed)  
 In *Europe*, is no better then a Weed ;  
 Which to their *Idols*, *Pagans* sacrifice,  
 And *Christians* (heer) doe wel-nigh *Idolize* :  
 Which taking, *Heathens* to the Diuels bow  
 Their Bodies; *Christians*, euen their Soules do vow.  
 Yet th' *Heathen* haue, with th' *Ill*, some *Good* withall;  
 Sith, Their *con-natiue*, 'tis *con-natural*.  
 But, see the nature of abounding Sinne,  
 Which more abounding Punishment doth winne  
 For *knowing* Seruants wilfull Arrogance,  
 Then *filly* Strangers sauage Ignorance.

For

For, what to Them is Meat and Med'cinable,  
Is turn'd to Vs a Plague intollerable.

*Two smoakie Engines*, in this latter Age  
(*Sathans* short Circuit; the more sharp his rage)  
Haue beene inuented by too-vanted Wit,  
Or rather, vented from th' *infernal* Pit,  
GVNS & TOBACCO-PIPES, with Fire and *smoak*,  
(At least) a Third part of Mankind to *choak*:  
(Which, happely, \*th' *Apocalyps* fore-told) \*9.17.  
Yet of the *Two*, We may (thinke I) be bold,  
In some respects, to thinke the Last, the Worst,  
(How-euer Both in their Effects accurst.)  
For, *Guns* shoot *from-ward*, onely at their Foen;  
*Tobacco-Pipes*, *home-ward*, into their Owne  
(When, for the Touch-hole, firing the wrong end,  
Into our Selues the Poysons force we send:)  
Those, in the Field, in braue and hostile manner;  
These, Cowardly, vnder a Couert Banner:  
Those, with Defiance, in a Threatfull Terror;  
These, with Affiance, in a Wilfull Error: (ridding;  
Those, (though loud-roaring, goaring-deep) quick-  
These, stilly stealing, longer Languors breeding:  
Those, full of pain (perhaps) and fell despight:  
These, with false Pleasure, and a seem-delight

(As Cats with Mice, Spiders with Flies) full rife  
Pipe-playing, dallying, & deluding Life.

Who would not wonder, in these Sunny-Dayes  
(So bright illightned with the G O S P E L's Rayes)  
Whence so-much *Smoak*, & deadly Vapors come,  
To dim & damne so much of *Christendome*?  
But, wee must ponder too, These Dayes are Those  
Wherein the Diuell was to be let lose;  
And Yawning broad Gate of that black *Abyffe*  
To bee set ope, whose Bottome bound-les is;  
That *Sathan*, destin'd, euermore to dwell  
In *Smoakie* Fornace of that *darkesome* Cell,  
In *Smoak* & *Darknes* might inure & train  
His Owne deere Minions, while they heere remain;  
Asroaguing *Gyffes*, tan their little Elves,  
To make them tann'd and ouglie, like them Selves.

Then, in Despight, who-euer dare say Nay,  
TOBACCONISTS, keep-on your Course: You may,  
If you continew in your *Smoakie* Vre,  
The better far Hell's sulphuric *Smoak* indure;  
And heerin (as in All your other Euill)  
Grow neerer still and liker to the Diuell:  
Saue that the Diuell (if hee could re-voke)  
Would fly from filthy & vnhealthy *Smoak*;

Wherein

Wherein (cast out of Heaven for hellish Pride)  
 Un-willing Hee, and Forced doth abide:  
 Which, heerin worse than Hee (the worst of Ill)  
 You long-for, lust-for, lie-for, die-for still:  
 For as the *Salamander* liues in Fire,  
 You liue in *Smoake*; and with-out *Smoake* expire.  
 Should it be question'd (as right well it may)  
 Whether Discouerie of *A M E R I C A*,  
 That *New-found World*, haue yeelded to our Ould  
 More Hurt or Good: Till fuller Answer should  
 Decide the Doubt and quite determine it,  
 Thus for the present might we answer fir:  
 That Thereby Wee haue (rightly vnderstood)  
 Both giuen and taken greater Hurt then Good:  
 And that on both sides, both for *Christians*  
 It had been better, and for *Indians*,  
 That onely Good men to their Coast had come;  
 Or, that the Euill had still staid at home.

For, what our People haue brought Thence to vs,  
 Is like the Head-peece of a *Polypus*,  
 Wherein is (quoted, by sage *Plutarch's Quill*)  
*A Pest'lence great good, and great Pest'lence ill.*

Wee had from Them, first, to augment our Stocks,  
 Two grand Diseases, *Scurvie* and *The Pocke*:

Then

Then, *Two great Cordials* (for a Counterpeize)  
*Gold* and T O B A C C O; both which, many waies,  
 Haue done more Mischief than the former Twaine;  
 And All together brought more Loffe then Gain.

But, true it is, we had this Trash of Theirs,  
 Onely in Barter, for our broken Wares.  
 Ours, for the most part, caried out but Sin;  
 And, for the most part, brought but Vengeance, in:  
 Their Freight was *Sloth, Lust, Avarice, & Drink*  
 (A Burthen, able with the Waight, to sink  
 The hugest Carrak; yea, those hallowed *Twelve,*  
*Spains great Apostles* euen to ouer-whelue)  
 They caried *Sloth*, & brought home *Scurvy-skin*;  
 They caried *Lust*, and brought home *Pocks* within:  
 They caried *Avarice*, and *Gold* they got:  
 They caried *Bacchus*, & T O B A C C O brought,  
 Alas, poore *Indians*! that but *English*, None  
 Could put them downe in their owne Trade alone!  
 That none, but *English* (more Alas! more strange!)  
 Could iustifie their pitifull Exchange.

Of All the Plants that *Tellus* bosome yeelds,  
 In Groues, Glades, Gardens, Marshes, Mountains,  
 None so pernicious to Mans Life is knowne, (Fields,  
 As is T O B A C C O, sauing H E M P alone.

Betwixt which Two there seemes great Sympathy,  
 To ruinate poore *Adam's* Progeny :  
 For, in them Both a *strangling* vertue note,  
 And Both of them doo worke vpon the Throates;  
 The one, within it; and without, the other;  
 And th'one prepareth Worke vnto the tother.  
 For, There doo meet (I mean at *Gayle & Gallies*)  
 More of these beastly, base TOBACCO-Fellowes,  
 Then else to any prophane Haunt doo vse,  
 (Excepting stil *The Play-house* and *The Stewes*)  
 Sith 'tis Their common Lot, (so double-choaked)  
 Iust, bacon-like, to be *hangd* vp, and *smoked* :  
 A Destinie, as proper to befall  
 To morall Swine, as to Swine naturall.

If there be any *Herbe*, in any place,  
 Most opposite to GOD's good *Herb-of-grace*,  
 'Tis doubt-les This : and this doeth plainly proue-it,  
 That, for the most, most *grace-les* men doo loue-it,  
 Or rather, doat most on this *wither'd Weed*,  
 Them Selues as *wither'd* in all *gracions Deed*.

'Tis strange to see, (and vnto me, a Wonder)  
 When the prodigious strange Abuse we ponder,  
 Of this vnruely, rustie *Vegetal*;  
 From moderne *Symmiss's Jesu-Critical*,

Carping

(Carping at Vs, and casting in our Dish;  
 Not Crimes, but Crums: as eating Flesh for Fish: )  
 W<sup>e</sup> hear, in This Case, no Conscience-Cases holier,  
 But, like to like; *This Diuall with the Collier.*

For, a TOBACCONIST (I dare auer)  
 Is, first of all, a rank *Idolater*,  
 As any of th' *Ignatian Hierarchie*:  
 Next, as conformed to Their Fopperie,  
*Of turning Day-light, and Good-night at Noone,*  
 Setting-*vp Candles* to enlight the Sun:  
 And last, the Kingdome of NEVV-BABYLON  
 Stands in a *Derke and Smo-kye Region*;  
 So full of such varietie of *Smoake*,  
 That there-with all all *Pictie* it choakes.

For, There is, First, the *Smoake* of Ignorance,  
 The *Smoake* of Error, *Smoake* of Arrogance,  
 The *Smoake* of *Merit super-er'gatorie*,  
 The *Smoake* of Pardon. *Smoaks* of PURGATORIE  
 The *Smoake* of Censuring *Smoake* of *Thursifying*  
 Of Images, of *Sathan's Furie-flying*,  
 The *Smoake* of Stewes (for *Smoaking* thence they come,  
 As horrid horres torrid *Sedome*, some):  
 Then, *Smoake* of POWDER-TREASON, *Pistols*, *Knives*,  
 To blow-*vp Kingdomes*, and blow-out *Kings Lines*;  
 And



And lastly, too, TOBACCO's *Smoakie*-Mists,  
Which (comming from *Iberian* BAALISTS)  
No small addition of Aduſtion fit  
Bring to the *Smoake* of the *Vnbottom'd* PIT,  
Yerſt opened, firſt, (*as of eneth* Saint IOHN)  
By their ABADDON & APOLLYON.

But, ſith They are contented to admire  
What They diſlike not, if they not deſire  
(For, with good reaſon may wee gheſſe that They  
Who ſwallow Camels, ſwallow Gnatlings may);  
Tis ground enough for vs, in this Diſpute,  
Their *Vanities*, thus obuiouſ, to refute  
(Their *Vanities*, *myſterious* Miſts of ROME,  
Which haue ſo long be-*ſmoaked* CHRIS TENDOM).

And for the reſt, it ſhall ſuffice, to ſay,  
TOBACCONING is but a *Smoakie* Play.  
Strong Arguments againſt ſo weake a thing,  
Were need-leſs, or vnſuitable, to bring.  
In this behalfe there needs no more be done,  
Sith of it Selfe the ſame will vaniſh ſoone:  
T' euaporate *This Smoake*, it is enough  
But with a Breath the ſame aſide to puffe.

**N**OW, My Firſt Puſſe ſhall but repell th'ill-Sauour  
Of Place & Perſons (of debauched behauiour)  
Where

Where 'tis most frequent : Second, shew you will,  
How little *Good* it dooth : Third, how great *Ill*.

'Tis vented most in Taverns, Tippling-cots,  
To Ruffians, Roarers, Tipsie-Tostie-Pots;  
Whose Custome is, betweene the *Pipe* and *Pot*,  
(Th'one Cold and Moist, the other Dry and Hot)  
To skirmish so (like Sword-and-Dagger-fight)  
That 'tis not easie to determine right,  
Which of their weapons hath the Conquest got  
Over their Wits; the *Pipe*, or else the *Pot*.

Yet, 'tis apparant, and by prooffe expresse,  
Both stab and wound the Braine with *Drunkenesse* :  
For, even the *Derivation* of the *Name*,  
Seemes to allude and to include the same:

TOBACCO, as  $\tau\omega\ \beta\alpha\upsilon\chi\alpha$ , one would say;  
To (Cup-god) BACCHVS dedicated aye.

And, for Conclusion of this Point, obserue,  
The Places which to these *Abuses* serue,  
How-euer, of them Selues, noisome ynough,  
Are much more loathsom with the stench & stufte,  
Extracted from their limbeckt Lips and Nose.  
So that, the Houses, common Haunts of Those,  
Are liker Hell then Heav'n : for Hell hath *Smoake*;  
*Impenitent* TOBACCONISTS to choake,

Though

Though neuer dead : There shall they have their Fill:  
In Heav'n is none, but Light and Glory still.

Next: Multitudes them daily, howrely drowne  
In this black Sea of *smoak*, tost vp and downe  
In This vast *Ocean*, of such *Latitude*,  
That *Europe* onely cannot all include,  
But out it rushes, over-runs the Whole,  
And reaches, wel-nigh round, from *Pole to Pole*;  
Among the *Moors*, *Turks*, *Tartars*, *Persians*,  
And other *Ethnicks* (full of Ignorance  
Of G O D and Good:) and, if wee shall look home,  
To view (and rew) the State of CHRISTENDOME,  
Vpon This Point, we may This Riddle bring;  
*The Subject hath more Subjects than the King.*  
For, Don TOBACCO hath an ampler Raign,  
Than Don PHILIPPO, the Great King of *Spain*,  
(In whose Dominions, for the most, it growes).  
Nay, shall I say, (O Horror, to suppose!)  
*Heath'nish* TOBACCO (almost euery where)  
In *Christendome* (CHRISTS out-ward Kingdom here)  
Hath more *Disciples* than CHRIST hath (I feare)  
More Suite, more Service (Bodies, Souls, & Good)  
Than CHRIST, that bought vs with his precious

(Blood.  
O Great

O Great T O B A C C O! Greater than Great *Cann*,  
 Great *Turk*, Great *Tartar*, or Great *Tamberlan*!  
 With Vulturs wings Thou hast (and swifter yet  
 Than an *Hungarian Ague*, *English Sweat*)  
 Through all Degrees, flown, far, nigh; vp & down;  
 From Court to Cart; frō *Court* to *Country Clown*,  
 Not scorning *Scullions*, *Coblers*, *Colliers*,  
*Lakes-farmers*, *Fidlers*, *Ostlers*, *Oysterers*,  
*Rogues*, *Gypsies*, *Players*, *Pandars*, *Punks*, and All  
 What common Scums in Common-Sewers fall,  
 For, all, as *Vassals*, at Thy Beck are bent,  
 And breathe by Thee, as their new *Element*.  
 Which well may proue Thy *Monarchy* the Greater;  
 Yet proue not Thee to be a whit the Better;  
 But rather Worse: For *Hell's* wide-open Road  
 Is easiest found, and by the Most still trod.  
 Which, euen the *Heathen* had the Light to know  
 By Arguments, as many times they show.

Heer may wee also gather (for a need)  
 Whether T O B A C C O be an *Herb* or *Weed*;  
 And Whether the extessiuē Vle be fit,  
 Or good or bad; by those that fauour it,  
*Weeds*, wild and wicked, mostly entertain it:  
*Herbes*, holcsom *Herbes*, and holy minds disdain it.

If then, TOBACCONING be good : How is't,  
 That lewdest, loosest basest, foolishhest,  
 The most vnthrifty, most intemperate,  
 Most vicious, most debauched, most desperate,  
 Pursue it most : The Wisest and the Best  
 Abhor it, shun it. flie it, as the Pest,  
 Or piercing Poyson of a Dragons Whisk,  
 Or deadly Eye-shot of a Basilisk ?

If *Wisedome* baulk it, must it not be *Folly* ?  
 If *Virtue* hate it, is it not vnholly ?  
 If Men of Worth, and Minds right *generous*  
 Discard it, scorne it : is't not *scandalous* ?  
 And (to conclude) is it not, to the Diuell  
 Most pleasing; pleasing so (most) the most Equill.

**M**Y second *Passage*, is Proof *How little Good*  
 This *Smoke* hath done (that euer heare I coul'd)  
 For, first, there's none that takes TOBACCO most,  
 Most vsually, most earnestly, can boast  
 That the excessive and continuall vse  
 Of This *dry Suck-at* euer did produce  
 Him any Good, Ciuill, or Naturall,  
 Or Morall Good, or Artificiall :  
 Vnlesse perhaps they will alleadge it, drawes  
 Away the Ill which still it Selfe doth cause.

Which Course (me thinks) I cannot liken better;  
 Then to an *Usurer's* Kindnesse to his *Debter*;  
 Who, vnder Shew of *Lending*, stil substracts  
 The *Debtors* Owne, and then His owne exacts;  
 Til at the last he vtterly confound-him,  
 Or leaue him Worse & Weaker then he found-him.

Next, if the Custome of TOBACCONING  
 Yeeld th' *Users* any Good, in any thing;  
 Either they *haue* it, or they *hope* it prest:  
 (By prooffe and practice, taking stil the best)  
 For, none but Fooles wil the to Ought beflaue,  
 Whence Benefit they neither *hope*, nor *haue*:

Therefore, yet farther (as a *Questionist*)  
 I must inquire of my TOBACCONIST,  
 Why, if a *Christian* (as some, somtimes seeme)  
 Believing G O D, waiting all Good from Him,  
 And vnto Him all Good again referring;  
 Why (to eschew th' Vngodly's Grace-les erring)  
 Why pray they not? Why praise they not His Name  
 For *hoped* Good, & Good had by this Same?  
 As all men doo, or ought to doo, for All  
 The Gifts & Goods that from His GOODNES fall.  
 Is't not, because they neither *hope*, nor *haue*,  
 Good (Hence) to thank GOD for, nor farther craue:

But

But, as they had it from the *Heathen*, first ;  
So *Heath'nishly* they use it still, accurst :  
And (as some iest of *Oysters*) This is more  
*Ungodly Meat*, both *After* and *Before*.

Lastly, if all Delights of all Mankind  
Be *Vanitie*, *Vexation* of the Mind;  
All vnder Sunne : Must not TOBACCO be,  
Of *Vanities*, the vainest *Vanitie*?  
If *Salomon*, the Wisest earthly Prince,  
That euer was before, or hath bin since;  
Knowing All Plants, and them perusing All,  
From *Cedar* to the *Hyssop* on the Wal;  
In none of all professeth, that he found  
A firme Content, or Consolation sound:  
Can We suppose that any Shallowling  
Can find much Good in oft-TOBACCONING?

MY Third & last *Puffe*, points at the *Great Evil*  
This noisom *Vaper* works (through wily diuel).  
If we may iudge; if Knowledge may be had  
By their Effects, how things be good or bad;  
Doubt-les, th'Effects of This pernicious *Weed*  
Be many bad, scarce any good, indeed:  
Nor dooth a Man scarce any Good contain,  
But of This *Evill* iustly may complain;

As thereby, made in euery Part the Worse,  
In Body, Soule, in Credit, and in Purse.

**F**Or, first of all, it falls on his *Good-name*;  
And so be-smears, and so be-smoaks the same,  
That neuer after scarce discerned is't.

*Rare good Report of a TOBACCONIST:*  
Where, if to take it, were a vertuous thing,  
'Twould to the Taker's Commendation bring;  
And somewhat grace them (thogh they els were bad)  
Or hide, a little, the Defects they had:  
But, from their Credit rather it abates,  
And their Disgraces rather aggravates:  
And how-much better that they were before,  
It stinks the worse, & stains their Name the more.

For, if a Swearer, or a Swaggerer,  
A Drunkard, Dicer, or Adulterer,  
Proue a TOBACCONIST, it is not much:  
'Tis sutable, 'tis well-bebecoming Such;  
(No lesse than flaring, garish, whorish Tire,  
Which now-adayes most *Mad-dames* most desire:  
Owle-fac't *Chaprones*, Cheeks painted, Izland Tresse,  
Bum Bosse-about, with broad deep-naked Brests;  
Borrowed & brought from loole *Venetians*,  
Becomes *Picket-batch* & *Shorditch Courtizans*).

Not



Not that **TOBACCONING** is not amisse:  
 But that the bright Noon of their better Vice,  
 Spred farr & wide, doth darken and put downe  
**TOBACCO-taking**, and it's Twilight drowne.

But, let it be of any truely sayd,  
*Hee's great, religious, learned, wise, or stand;*  
 But, hee is lately turn'd **TOBACCONIST**:  
 O! what a Blurr! What an Abatement is't!  
 'Tis like a handfull from *Augens* Stable,  
 Cast in the Face of *Beauties* fairest Table.  
 Whence it appeares, This too-too to frequent,  
 It is not good; no, not indifferent.

It best becomes a *Stage*, or else a *Stewes*,  
 Or *Dicing-house*, where All Disorders vse.  
 It ill becoms a *Church*, *Colledge*, or *Court*,  
 Or any Place of any Ciuill sort:  
 It fits *Blasphemers*, *Ruffians*, *Atheists*,  
 Damnd *Libertines*, to be **TOBACCONISTS**:  
 Not *Magistrates*, not *Ministers*, not *Schollers*  
 (Who are, or should be Sinnes seuerer Comptrollers)  
 Nor any wise and sober personage,  
 Of *Grauitie*, of *Honestie*, of *Age*.

It were the fittest Furniture (that may)  
 For Diuell, in a Picture, or a Play,

To represent him with a fierie Face,  
 His Mouth & Nostrils puffing *Smoak* apace,  
 With staring Eyes, and in his griezly Gripe,  
 An ouer-grown, great, long *TOBACCO-Pipe*.  
 Which sure (methinks) the most *TOBACCONIST*  
 Must needs approue, and euen applaud the Iest:  
 But much more *Christians* hence obserue, how euill  
 It them becomes, that so becomes the Deuill.  
 And therefore, think This *Weed*, a *Drugge* for *Jewes*  
 More fit by far, [who did so foule abuse  
 (Base rheumy Rascals) with their Spawlings base  
 Our louing *SAVIORS* louely-reuerend Face,  
 Whom (wilful-blind, stiffe-necked, stupif'd)  
 They spet on, scorned, scourged, *Crucifi'd*]  
 Than for vs *Christians*, who His Name adore,  
 Whom by His *Death* he doth to *Life* restore.

If, notwithstanding All that hath bin said,  
*TOBACCONISTS* will still hold on their Trade,  
 And by their Practice still hold vp their Name,  
 Though *Jewes*, though *Diuels*, better suite the same;  
 I'll say no more but only This, of This:  
 Henceforth, let none whose meaner Lot it is  
 To liue in *Smoak*; *Lime-burners*, *Alchymists*,  
*Brick-makers*, *Brewers*, *Colliers*, *Kitchenists*;

Let *Salamanders, Swallowes, Bacon-fitches,*  
*Red-Sprats, red-Herings,* and like *Chimnies-wretches,*  
 Think no Disparagement, nor hold them base:  
 TOBACCONISTS their Companie will grace,  
 And teach them make a Vertue of Necessitie,  
 Turning their *Smoake* into a *grace-fool-Asie*.

NEXT the *Good-Name*, now let *The Bodie* shewe  
 What Wrongs to it from out TOBACCO flow:  
 For, as That is Man's baser Part, indeed,  
 It is most basely handled by This Weed.

And First (as was significantlie said  
 Before our *Soueraigne*, by an *Oxford Head*)  
 TOBACCO, *Smoak* into the *Parlour* putts,  
 And basest Office in the best Roome shuts,  
 While to the Head it doth exhale and hoist  
 The Bodies filthie and superfluous Moist;  
 Causing a moist Brain, by vnceast Supply  
 Of Rheumes still drawne to th'Bodies *Stillarie*:  
 Which in experience, and in reason, make  
 Men most vnapt Deep thing to vndertake.  
 For, for the most part, shallow are the Wits,  
 Concepts, and Counsaills of TOBACCONISTS.  
 Sith *Wisedome dwells in Drye*: Her proper Seat  
 Is a drye Brain, embatteld well with Heat.

Also, it fries and dries away the Blood  
 (As did that *Persian* the *Euphratean* Flood,  
 To conquer *Babylon*) by whose *incursion*,  
 The *Vitall Spirits*, in an *vnwonted* fashion  
 Are bay'd, and barred of their *Passage* due  
 Through all the *veines*, their *vigour* to renew:  
 So that the *Humors* (as all out of frame)  
 Tending to *putrefic* and to *inflame*,  
 Fire the whole *House*; from whence there followes euer  
 A dangerous, if not a deadly *Fever*.

Lastly, this *boyling*, *broyling*, of the *Blood*,  
 Breeds much adusted *Melancholy-Mood*  
 (*Sathan's* fir *Saddle*, from their *sullen Cell*,  
 To ride, in post, his wretched *Slaves* to *Hell*,  
 With Two keen *Spurres* (too-quick in their *Effect*)  
 Th' one of *Excesse*, the other of *Defect*;  
 A violent *Passion*, pushing *Reason* back,  
 Or fell *Despaire*, when *Conscience* is awake.)  
 For, as of all *Insensibles*, hath none  
 More *Melancholie* and *Adnstion*,  
 Then *Chimnies* haue; What kind of *Chimny* is't,  
 Lesse *Sensible* then a *TOBACCONIST*?  
 And in receiuing *Smoake*, sith th' are so equall;  
 Can their *adustion* then be much *unequall*?

Thus

Thus then the Habit of **T O B A C C O N I N G**,  
 Makes one more *Chimny*-like then any thing.

Some also thinke it causeth exsiccation  
 (As of the Blood) of Seed of generation;  
 By th' acrimonie stirring more to couet,  
 Then fruitfully producing Issue of-it:  
 Whence, we may learne to maruell somuch lesse,  
 That (for the most) our *Gentles*, that professe  
**T O B A C C O N I S M E**, loue *Lenman*. Since so well;  
 Or that such Legions of the Base *pel-met*,  
 Vnder the Standard of **T O B A C C O**, vse  
 To *Turne bull* first, then to *Our Bartholmewes*.

And where there haue been many great Inquests  
 To find the Cause Why Bodies still grow lesse,  
 And daily neerer to the *Pigmies* Size  
 This, among many Probabilities,  
 May passe for one: that their Progenitours  
 Did gladly foment their Interiours  
 With holosome Food, vnmixed, moderate,  
 And timely Liquors duely temperate:  
 But, now-adaies, Their Issue inly choake  
 And dry them vp (like Herrings) with This *Smokes*  
 For, Herrings, in the Sea, are large and full,  
 But shrink in bloating and together pull:

Whence

Whence, in effect, Smoak vnto Smoak referring;  
**TOBACCONISTS** are not vnlike Red Herring.

Vndoubtedly, beyond all Moderation  
 It dries the Bodie, robs of irrigation  
 The thirstie parts; so that the bowels cry  
 For Moist and Cold, to temper Hot and Dry:  
 Whence, th' Elementall Qualities of Theirs,  
 In Faction, fall together by the Eares.  
 For, in the Hearb excessse of Dry and Hot,  
 Drawes-in excessse of Cold-Moist from the Pot;  
 For which they troup to th' Ale-house shortly after,  
 As rats-ban'd Rats doe hie them to the Water.  
 And yet, their liquid Cooler cures them not,  
 No more then Water doth the baned Rat:  
 For th' Heat and Drought of th' *Herb American*  
 Being intensiue (fitter call'd Man-Bane)  
 The one dries-vp the *Humour Radicall*,  
 The other drownes the *Calor Naturall*.

But the most certaine and apparant Ill  
 Is an Ill Habit which doth hant them still;  
 Transforming *Nature* from her natie Mould:  
 For, *Customs* we another *Nature* hold.  
 And This vile *Customs* is so violent,  
 And holds his *Customers* at such a Bent,

That

That though thereby more Hurt then Good they doubt  
To die for it, they cannot live without.

Which doubtless, is a miserable State:

For, Men are surely the more Fortunate,

Of fewer Creatures that they stand in need:

More, but more Bondage, and less freedome breed.

A House that must haue many Props and Stayes

Is neerer Fall, and faster it decays:

Variety and Surfeit feed the spittle,

And fill the Grave. *Nature's content with little.*

Why then should Man, *living and rationally,*

Besteale himselfe to a dead *Vegetall?*

Why, demi-heavenly, and most free by Birth,

Should he be bound vnto this Childe of Earth?

Why, Lord of Creatures, should He serue: at least,

Why such a Creature, baser then a beast?

**O**F: had I seen *Fooles* of all sorts frequent it,

*Fooles* of all Size, *Fooles* of all Sexes hant it,

*Fooles* of all Colours, *Fooles* of all Complexions,

*Fooles* of all Fashions, *Fooles* of all Affections,

*Fooles* naturall, *Fooles* artificiall,

*Fooles* rich and poore, young *Fooles*, old *Fooles*, & all;

Whom, *foole* I pitied, for their wilfull Folly;

Supposing, None discreetly Wise (or Holy)

Could

Could be entangled with so fond a thing,  
As is the habit of **T O B A C C O N I N G**.  
For, what Discretion, or what Wildome can,  
Think *Physicke Food*, or *Medicine Meat*, for Man?

I rather thought *Vlysses* rather would  
Have stoppt his Eares, Eyes, Hands, & Mouth with-hold  
From such a *Cyrcean Drug*, whose working strange,  
Would soon his best into a Beast exchange.  
But when I saw some Wise-ones snared in  
This *Spanissh Cobweb* (Sathans speciall Gin)  
And that so fast, they cannot when they would  
Get out againe; or will not if they could:  
*Wisdomes*, me thought, must varie much; or else  
This *Ware* is *spiced* with some Foraine Spels,  
So to bewitch the Wise (need-les, and nilling)  
To take and loue; and not to leaue it, willing.  
For, those that say and sweare they euen abhorre it,  
Cannot abandon, but Thus handie for it:

*Tis good* (say They) *Tis speciall good for Rheumes;*  
*Exhales grosse Humors, their Excesse consumes;*  
*And voids with-all, all Inconuenience*  
*There-on depending, or descending Thence.*  
Which should I grant, it must be yet with Clauses  
Of needfull Caution, suitable to Causes;

When



When time requireth Preparation fit  
 To rarifie congealed Rags of it;  
 Which by the Heat and Drynesse. probably;  
 This Plant performes, in mediocritie:  
 Or else, where the abundant Quantity,  
 Dangerous Effect, malignant Quality,  
 Of ouer-moistures, aske *Euacuation*,  
 To free the Parts from totall Inundation.

How-be-it, many safer Meanes there are;  
 Better and fitter in themselues by farre;  
 More certaine, more direct; with lesse adoo;  
 Lesse Cost, lesse Damage, and lesse Danger too  
 Than *Don TOBACCO*'s damnable Infection;  
 Slutting the Body, slauiing the Affection.

Twere therefore better somewhat else, to seek  
 Then rest in this, so worthie of Dis-like;  
 Sita, curing Thus one small Infirmary,  
 It doth create a greater Malady,  
 When there-by freed (perhaps) from Rheumes, &c fall  
 In Bondage of this *Custom* capitall.  
 For, they that *Physicke* to a *Custom* bring,  
 Bring their *Disease* too, to accustoming.  
 Perpetuall *Physicke* must of force imply  
 Perpetuall *Sickness*: or deep Foolerie

Compos'd of *Antick* and of *Phrantick* too:  
For where's no *Sickness*, what should *Med'cine* doe?

**T**Hus for the *Bodie*: Now the *Soule* diuine  
With This wilde *Goose-Grasse* of the *Perusine*  
Hath Foure great *Quarrels*, in foure-fold respect  
Of her Foure *Faculties*; the *Intellect*,  
The *Memory*, the *Will*, the *Conscience*;  
All which are wronged, if not wounded, Thence.

First, in the *Intellect*, it d'outs the Light,  
Darkens the House, dims th' vnderstandings Sight;  
Through neuer-ceast succession of *Humidities*,  
The Dam of dulnesse, Mother of *Stupidities*;  
Making Mans generous Brain (best, dry and hot)  
Lie drown'd, and driueing like a *Changeling* Sor.  
Why then should Man, to put out *Reason's* Eye,  
Suffer his Soule in *Smockie* Lodge to lye?  
For, though some others, and my Selfe by prooffe  
(When scornfully I tooke it but in *snuffe*)  
Haue it by sometimes found some benefit;  
Superfluous Humors from the Brain to quit,  
To cleer the *Voyce*, and cheer the *Phantasie*,  
Which, for the present, it did seem supply:  
Yet doth the *Custom* (as we likewise finde)  
Dis-nerv the *Bodie*, and dis-apt the *Minde*.

Next,

Next; It decayes and mars the *Memorie*,  
 And brings it to strange Imbecillitie,  
 By still attraction of continuall *Moist*,  
 Which from the lower parts it wounts to hoist:  
 For, though best *Memorie* dwel in a Brain  
*Moist-moderate*; Yet ouer-moist, againe  
 Makes it so laxe, so diffluent and thin,  
 That nothing can be firmly fixt there-in;  
 But instantly it slides and slips-away,  
 As weary heeles on wet and slippery Clay.  
 For Prooofe whereof: None more forgetfull is  
 Of GOD and Good, than are *Tobaccoonists*.

Touching th' *Affections*, they are tir'd nolesse  
 By This fell Tyrants intolent Excesse:  
 For, the *Aduſion* of th' inherent *Heat*,  
*Drought*, *Acrimonie* (Tartar-like) doth fret;  
 Makes men more loudain and more heed-less heady,  
 More sullen-sowr, more stubbornely-vnsteady,  
 More apt to wrath, to wrangle, and to braule;  
 To giue and take a Great Offence, for Small;  
 Cause-less Reioycing, and as cause-less Sorry,  
 Exceeding-Mournesfull, and excessiue-Merry:  
 Whence growes, in fine, excessiue Griefe & Fear;  
 For Dumpier none than the *Tobacconer*:

None sadder than the gladdest of their Host;  
 None hating more than hee that loued most;  
 None fearing more, none danted more than such  
 As, in a *Passion*, rather dar'd too-much.

For, *Relatiues in'eparable dwell*:

And *Contraries their Contraries expell*.

And (with th' old Poet) *In the Cox-combs Course,  
 Flying a Fault, to fall into a Worre*.

But if they say, that sometimes, taking it,  
 The Minde is freed from some instant Fit  
 Of Anger, Griefe, or Feare; Experience tells  
 It is but like some of our Tooth-ake Spells,  
 Which for the present seem to ease the Pain,  
 But after, double it with more Rage again,  
 Because a little, for the time, it drawes,  
 But leaues behinde the very Root and Cause.

Lastly, the *Conscience* (as it is the best)  
 This *Indian Weed* doth most of all molest;  
 Loading it daily with such Weight of Sin,  
 Where-of the least shall at the last come-in  
 To strict Account: the Losse of precious houres,  
 Neglect of GOD, of Good, of Vs, of Ours:  
 Our ill Example, prodigall Excesse,  
 Vain Words, vain Oathes, Dice, Daring, Drunkennes,  
 Sloath:

Sloath, iesting, scoffing, turning Night to Day,  
 And Day to Night; Disorder, Disaray;  
 Places of Scorne and publicke Scandall banting;  
 Persons of hate and beastly Life frequenting, (bers,  
 Theeves, Vothrifts, Rustians, Robbers, Roarers, Drab-  
 Bibbers, B'isphemers, Shiftters Sharkers Stabbers:  
 This is the *Rendez-vous*, These are the Lists,  
 Where do encounter Most TOBACCONISTS:  
 Wherein they walk, like a blind Mill-horse, round  
 In the same Circle, on the selfe same ground;  
 Forgetting how, Dayes, Months, and Yeeres do passe;  
 No more regarding, than an Oxe or Ass, e,  
 How Age growes on, How *Death* attendeth them,  
 G O D knowes how neer: (*Whom* on each side behera  
 Alate *Repentance*, or a flat *Despaire*)  
 And after *That*, a noysome stinking Aire  
 Of their infamous rotten *Memory*  
 With Men on Earth; in Heauen with G O D on his  
 A Fearefull *Doom*: and finally in Hell,  
 Infinite of Fierie *Torments* sell.

The Last and least of all TOBACCO-harms  
 Isthe *Purse*: which yet it so becharmes,  
 That juggler-like it iests-out all the Pelfe,  
 And makes a Man a *Pish-purse* to him selfe,

For, as by This, th' *Iberian Argonauts*  
 May be suppos'd (euen among serious Thoughts)  
 T' haue kill' more Men than by their Martyrdome  
 Or *Massacre* (which yet to Millions come)  
 So, by the Same they haue vndone more Men,  
 Than *Vsurie* (which takes from Hundred, Ten)  
 And ne-where more than in *This witch'd Isle* :  
 Woe to their Fraudes, Woe to vs Fooles, the-while.

**H**OW many Gentles, nor of Meaneſt Sort  
 (Whoſe Fathers liu'd in honourable Port,  
 For Table, Stable, and Attendance fit ;  
 Louing their Countrie, and belou'd of it)  
 Leauing their Neighbours, fly from their Approach,  
 And, for the moſt keep Houſe in a *Caroach*  
 (Hells newfound Cradles ! where are rockt aſleep  
 Miſchiefes that make our Common-weale to weep.)  
 Or in ſome *Play-houſe*, or ſome *Ordinarie*,  
 Or in ſome Peece of ſome *Vn-Sanctuarie* ;      waue,  
 Where, through their *Pipe-puſt Noſe* more *Smoak* they  
 Than all the *Chimneſſ* their great Houſes haue ;  
 Conſuming more in their *Obſcure-Obſcænitie*,  
 On *Smoake* and *Smock*, with their *appendent Vanitie*,  
 Thā their braue Elders did, when they maintaind  
 Honour at home, and forraine Glory gaind.

How

How doe they rack & wrack, & grate, & grinde,  
Shuffle and cut, wrangle, and turne, and winde,  
Borrow and begge (vnder a Courtly Cloake)  
And all too-little for This liquorish *Smoake*!

Alas the while! that men Thus needs will be  
Begger'd, vndone (of no *Necessitie*)  
In Bodie, Mind, and Means; vnapt, vnable  
For any *Good*, through This so need-lesse Bable.

For, What a Folly, through the Nose to puffe  
Th' whole Bodie's Portion, in This idle stuffe!  
Or, what need any with *TOBACCO*, more  
Now meddle, than his Ancestors before?  
Who knew it not, but had, without it, Health,  
Liu'd long and lusty, in abundant Wealth.  
Or, what is any, when he all hath spent,  
The better for This deer Experiment?  
Which now-adaies a number daily finde  
Like *Alchymie* (though in another Kinde)  
To circulate, and calcinate (at length)  
Insensibly (*TOBACCO* hath such Srength)  
Manours, Demains, Goods, Cattell, Elme, & Oake,  
Gold, Siluer, All; to *Ashes* and to *Smoake*,  
While all too-busie blowing at the Coale,  
Deiect their Body, and neglect their Soule.

For, O! What place is left to *Christianitie*,  
 Mongst such a Crew (nay; almost to *Humanitie*)  
 Where Oathes, Pus-shuffing, Spauling-Excrement,  
 Are *reall Parts of GENTLES* Complement?

And, for our *Vulgar*, by whose bold Abuse,  
**T O B A C C O N I N G** hath got so generall Vse;  
 How mightily haue They since multiplid  
 Tauerne, Tap-houles; where, on euery side,  
 Most sinfully hath Mault been taken heer,  
 In nappie *Ale*, and double-double Beer?  
 Inuincible, in a Threefold Excellie;  
 Strong Drink, strong Drinking, & strange Drunkenness.  
 Which on the Land hath brought, so visibly,  
 So great a Mischiefe, so past Remedie,  
 That Thousands dailey into Beggery linke  
 Through *Idlenesse*; in wilfull Debt for *Drinke*.  
 Nor can the Lawe's severest Curb keep-in  
 This coltish, common, priuiledged Sin.

Then (shallow Reptile, superficiall Gnat)  
 Why doe I humme? why doe I bittle there-at?  
**B**Ut, awfull *Iustice* will with keener Edge  
 Clip thort (I hope) this lawcie Priuiledge;  
 And at one Blowe cut-off this *Over-Drinking*,  
 And cure Droppe of **T O B A C C O**-*stinking*:

When



When Our *ALCIDES* (though at Peace with Men,  
*At Warre with Vices*) as His armed Pen  
 [ Among the *LABOURS* of his Royall hand,  
 Where *Piety* and *Prudence* (ioyntly) stand  
 Eternall *PILLERS* to His glorious Name;  
 Vnto all Times to testifie the same,  
*BRITANN'S* right *Beau-Clerk*, both for *Word* and  
 For *Knowledge*, *Iudgement*, *Method*, *Memory*: (*Writ*:  
*The Miracle*, *The ORACLE* of *Wit*:  
*Divine* and *Morall ENCYCLOPAEDIE* ]  
 Hath, as with Arrowes, from His sacred Sides,  
 All-ready chac't These *flinking Scymphalides*;  
 Shall, with the *Trident* of some sharpe *Edict*,  
 Seuerer enacted, executed strict,  
 Clenſe all the Staules of This *Angean Dung*,  
 Which hath ſo long corrupted Old and Young:  
 Or, at the leaſt, impoſe ſo deep a *Taxe*  
 On All theſe *Bail*, *Leaſe*, *Cane*, & *Pudding Packs*;  
 On Seller, or on Buyer, or on Both,  
 That from Henceforth the *Commons* ſhalbe loth  
 (*Vniwilling-Wife*) with that *grane Greeke*, to buy  
*Smack* and *Repentance* at a *Price ſobie*.

If, notwithstanding, Yet ſome Wealthy, will  
 Needs poiſon, and vndoo them with it, ſtill;

It shall be onely some of Those prophane  
 Loose *Prodigals* (their Countries Blot and Bane)  
 Best to be spar'd, least to be mist; whose Lands  
 (If anie left) will come to Wiser hands  
 Than such weak *Ninnies*, needing *Wardship* yet;  
 Not for their want of *Age*, but want of *Wit*.

*Avidius Cassius* (as *Lampridius* shoves)  
 Did first inuent, and first of all impose  
 That vncouth Manner of tormenting Folk,  
 On a high Beame to smoothen them with *Smoke*:  
 Where, had TOBACCO bin then known, he need  
 But haue enioyn'd them to haue tane that Weed.

But, with more Reason and more Equitie,  
*Seuerus Caesar*, when he did discri  
 The double-dealing of *Vetronius*  
 [A Coufening Courtier (Such are none with Vs)  
 A Iack-of both-sides, with both hands to play  
 (As now-adayes some Lawyers doo, they say)  
 Faining great Fauour with his Soueraign,  
 To take great Bribes of Many, to obtain  
 Great Suits; for whom his Prince he neuer mou'd]  
 Aloud complain'd of, and apparant prou'd;  
 Caus'd his false *Minion* with this Doom to choak,  
 Let the *Smoke*-seller suffocate with *Smoke*:

Which,

Which, our *Smoak* Merchants would no lesse befit;  
**TOBACCO-Mongers**, Bringers-in of it:

Which yearly costs (they say, by *Audit* found)  
 Of better Wares an hundred Thousand pound.

And, if the *Sentence* of this *Heathen Prince*,  
 On That *Impostor*, for his *Impudence*,  
 Were iust: How iuster wil the Heau'nly God,  
 Th' *Eternal*, punish with infernall Rod,  
 In Hell's darke (Fornace, with black *Fumes*, to choak)  
 Those, that on Earth will sin offend in *Smoak*?  
 Offend their Friends, with a Most vn Respect:  
 Offend their Wiues and Children with Neglect:  
 Offend the Eyes, with foule and dishonour Spawlings:  
 Offend the Nose, with filthy Fumes exhalings:  
 Offend the Eares, with lowd lewd Excretions:  
 Offend the Mouth, with ougly Excretions:  
 Offend the *sense*, with stupefying *sense*:  
 Offend the Weake, to follow their *Offense*:  
 Offend the Body, and offend the Minde:  
 Offend the *Conscience* in a remorsefull kinde:  
 Offend their *Baptisme*, and their *Second Birth*:  
 Offend the *Maichie* of Heau'n and Birth.

Woe to the World because of such *offenses*:  
 So voluntaire, so voyd of all pretenses

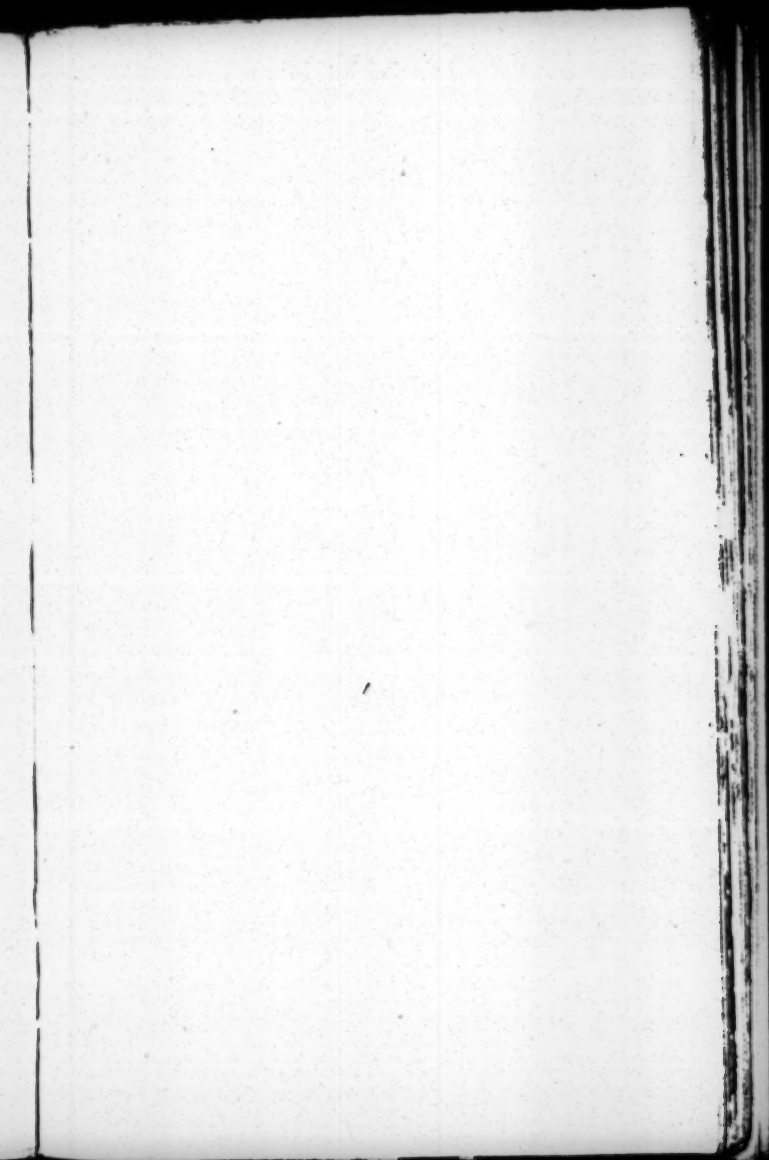
Of all *Excuse* (saue *Fashion, Custome, Will*)

In so apparant, proued, granted, *Ill*.

Woe, woe to them by Whom *Offences* comes;

So scandalous to All our CHRISTENDOME.

FINIS.



SI

S

A

SIMILE non est IDEM:

*Seeming is not the-Same.*

OR

All 's not GOLD that glisters.

A

CHARACTER

Of

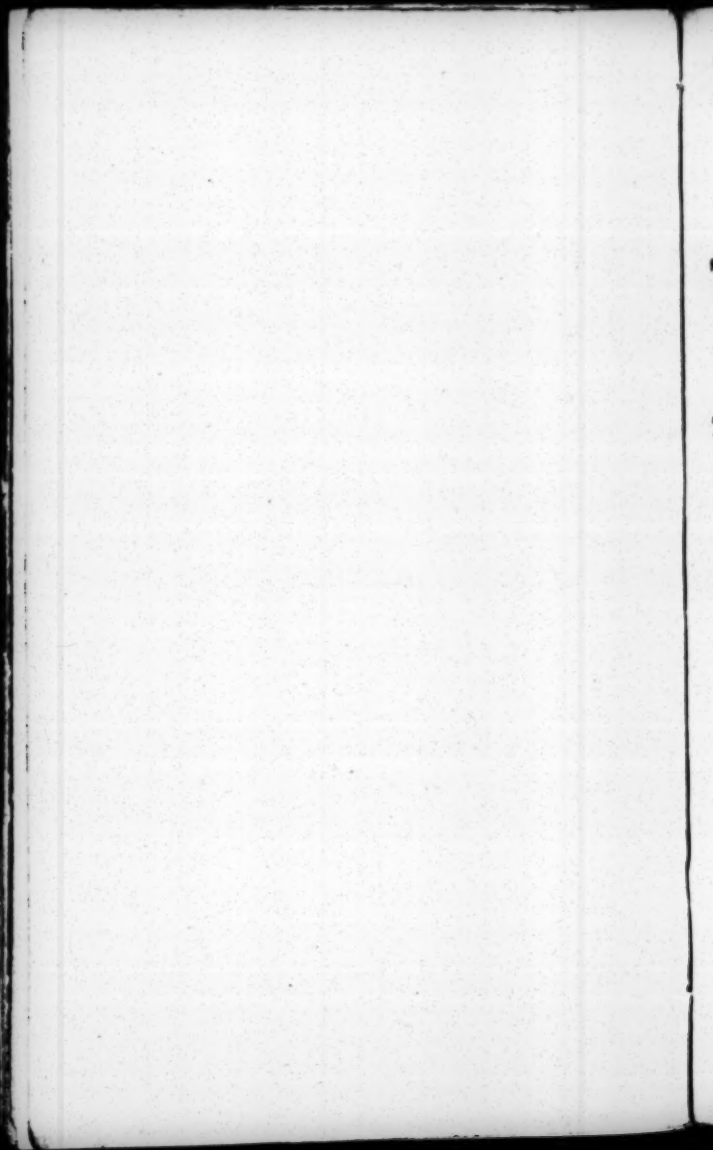
This corrupted Time,

which makes

RELIGION

but

*A Cover-Crime.*





The worthily-Honored,  
 S<sup>r</sup>. HENRIE BAKER,  
*Knight-Baronet.*

**T**Is better late, than neuer to repay :  
 Better a little, than no Part at all :  
 Take therefore, in good-part, This Part (though smal)  
 Of your great Debt : & pardon my Delay,  
 Till (more mine Owne) with more Respect, I may  
 In better Measure (as I hope, I shall)  
 Answer your Merit; though not answer all  
 Your Bounties Bonds, renewed Day by Day.  
 You mind your M A K E R, in your Dayes of Youth :  
 You shew vs, by your Works, your Faith's sincerity:  
 You are so friendly to the Friends of Truth ,  
 Your vertuous Life so proues your Love to Veritie,  
 That None, I thought, could, with more patient Eye,  
 Abide to looke on This ANATOMIE.

Your Vertues

Humble Honourer,

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

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## SIMILE non est IDEM:

*Seeming is not The-Same.*

or

All is not GOLD, that glisters.

1

**H**OW TIMES are chang'd! and WERE with Times;  
In new, nefarious, various Crimes!Exceeding all that haue preceeded,  
In Pride, in Fraud, in Filth, in Force,  
Rape, Treason, Poyson, past Remorse;  
Such, as (in Time) will scarce be creeded.

2

O Mindes! O Manners, most absurd!  
When (to the Scandall of *The Word*)  
The more our Light, the worse our Works:  
When seeming S A I N C T S be nothing lesse;  
And more Profane, Who most Professe,  
Than Infidels, or Jewes, or Turks.

I

And

3

And when, between our *roaring* **GYANTS**,  
 That openly, bid Heav'n **Defiance**,  
     Heaping-*vp* **Hill's** of **Wickednes**;  
 And th'undermining close **despights**  
 Of double-hearted *Hypocrites*,  
     Masking in *Hollow-Holinesse*;

4

From Earth are **FAITH & TRUTH** *exil'd*;  
 False *Error* hath all Hearts *beguil'd*:  
     All-ouer All **ABUSES** *raigne*.  
*Vertue is Vice*; *Vice, Vertue* *grown*,  
*Justice* is *ursted* from her *Owne*:  
     *Honor* and *Right* are in *dildaigne*.

5

'Tis, To be *Foolish*, To be *Wise*:  
 With Reason, is Against the *Guise*:  
     Read they that can My *Riddle* *right*.  
*Christ*, *Sonne* of *Man*; and *GOD* of *Hoasts*,  
 How-many of Thy *Baptisme* *boasts*,  
     Whose *life* doth to the *death* *desit*!

For

6

For. Thy Disciples Thee belecue;  
 And in Thee onely double-line;  
 According to Thy GOSPEL's veritie;  
 But, dare Wee say, that Wee are such;  
 When now-a dayes in Poore or Rich,  
 Is found nor Faith, nor Hope, nor Charity?

7

G O D hath engrauen in euey Soule  
 A natue Law, on Natures Roule;  
 Whereby (alas) We stand convict:  
 And Precedents of pious Zeal,  
 Who by their Bloods, their Hopes did seale,  
 To double Death condemne vs, strict.

8

Wee ought infringe That Statute neuer,  
 From euerlasting firm'd for-euer:  
 Doo, as Thou would'st be done vnto:  
 Doo not, what This wouldest not accept.  
 Opure, plaine, gentle, iust Precept!  
 Yet This (alas) Who lookes to doo?

I 2

When

When all Degrees, so tender bin  
 Towards them Selues, without, with-in,  
 They, neither Wrong, nor Right, can suffer:  
 But towards Others (made as They,  
 By the same hand, of the same Clay)  
 Against all Rights, all Wrongs doo offer.

L O R D, Thou hast said, & show'n it cleer  
 (When in thy Flesh, Thou sojourn'dst heer)  
*Thy Kingdom is not of This World:*  
 So shall I euermore suspect,  
 While heer I see, with such neglect,  
*Thy Holy Statutes after-hurl'd.*

All those (O Lord) that cry, Lord, Lord;  
 With Shadow of thy Sacred Word,  
 To cloak their Wickednesse, with-in;  
 Are none of Thine: but, of Thy Name  
 Profanely make a Mocking-Game,  
 To countenance their cursed Sin.

12

Like that *IGNATIANT-Latian Colledge,*  
Where, vnder Shew of *Sacred Knowledge,*  
They studie *State* and *Stratagems*;  
Making a staple. Trafick of it,  
(After their Pleasure, or their Profit)  
To murder *Kings*, and mangle *Realmes* :

13

Thee, *IESVS* : (Mercifull and Meek)  
They make a Tyrant (*Nero-like*)  
Bloody and brute, to kill and quell :  
Thee, *SAVIOUR* , Source of *Innocence,*  
Thee, *Prince of Peace* and *Patience*;  
They make a *Fury*, fierce and fell.

14

Thee, *Iustice-Fountain*, *Order's* Authour;  
They make *Wrong's* Fort, *Confusion's* Fautor :  
Immortall Spring immaculate  
Of *Love*, of *Concord*, and of *VNION* ,  
They make Thee Trumpet of *Dis-Vnion*,  
And Tinder of immortall *Hate*.

I 3

Such

## 15

Such *Cannons* roare from *Trent* and *Tiber*,  
 From *Powder* *Traitors* bloodie *Briber*,  
 Whole *HOLINESSE*, is *Hollownesse*;  
 Whole *Synagogue*, is *Sinners* *Wrack*;  
 Whole *Faith*, is *FAUX & RAVAILLIAO*  
 Whose *Deeds & Doctrine*, *Wickednesse*.

## 16

O, Where is then *The Holy Flocke*!  
 Call'd in one *Hope*, built on one *Rock*,  
 Into one *Faith* incorporating;  
 Thorough one *Baptisme*, by one *Word*,  
 Vnder one *Father* (*God and Lord*).  
 One onely *Prophet*, *Priest* and *King*.

## 17

There, there (as *Children* of one *Mother*)  
 They succour and support each other,  
 In *Vnion*, and in mutuall *Charitie*;  
 All making but one *Body*, being  
 All of One *Minde*, in One agreeing:  
 Bound by One *Bond* of *Peace*, and *Verity*.



18

O, can Wee (wretched, witched Elues)  
 Can Wee, Wee Many, boast our Selues  
*One Bread, one Body (mystick-wife);*  
 And say that Wee are daily fed  
 In common with *one Drinke and Bread,*  
 Amid our Many Enmities?

19

Alas! Where are those *Saints* become,  
 Worthy the style of *Christendome;*  
 From *SIN's Dominion* inly freed;  
 Vessells of Honor, full of *Grace,*  
 Abounding in *good-Workes* apacet  
 None now good Thought hath; lesse good Deed.

20

Nothing but false *EQUIVOCATION:*  
 Nothing but wilfull *Obduration:*  
 Nothing but *Error and Disorder:*  
 Nothing but *Pride and Insolence:*  
 Nothing but impious *Impudence:*  
 Nothing but *Treason, Theft, & Murder.*

*Contempt*

## 21

Contempt of GOD and of all Good,  
 Rape, Riot, Incest, Bribery, Blood,  
 Periurie, Plotting, all Impietie,  
 With more then bruteest Brutishnesse,  
 This more-than-Iron-Age possesse:  
 No Love, no Friendship, no Societie.

## 22

Court, Citie, Countrey, Euery Sort  
 Of either Sex, make Sinne a Sport  
 (Pride, Painting, Peys'ning, Cou'sning, Whoring) ;  
 In Sloth, or Surfeit, euer-drown'd ;  
 To Bacchus, or Tobacco bound ;  
 With swearing, flaring, stabbing, roaring.

## 23

Wrath, Enmie, Sclander, and Suspicion,  
 Fraude, Rancour, Rapine, and Ambition,  
 With Blasphemies, all ouer-spread :  
 Th'old Christians Badge, bright Charitie  
 (Most frequent then ; Now Raritie,  
 Is, now-adayes, not downe, but Dead.

24

We are so Punctual and Precise  
In Doctrine (*Pharasaik-wise*)

To seem (at least) the most RELIGIOUS,  
That true RELIGION we deforme,  
While to our Phant'sies we reforme  
Shadowes, and not *our Selues*, litigious.

25

RELIGION! O, Thou Life of Life!  
How Wordlings, that profane thee rise,  
Can wrest thee to their Appetites!  
How Princes, who Thy Power desie,  
Pretend thee, for their Tyranny;  
And People, for their false Delights!

26

Vnder Thy sacred Name, all-ouer,  
All Vicious all their Vices couer:

The *Violent*, their *Violence*:  
The *Proud*, their *Pride*: the *False* their *Fraud*:  
The *Theefe* his *Theft*: her *Filth* the *Band*:  
The *Impudent*, their *Impudence*.

*Ambition*

24

*Ambition*, vnder Thee, aspires :

*Avarice*, vnder Thee, desires :

*Sloth*, vnder Thee, her Ease assumes :

*Luxe*, vnder Thee, all over-flōwes :

*Wrath*, vnder Thee, outrageous growes :

*All Evil*, vnder Thee, presumes :

28

RELIGION, yerst so venerable,

Th' art now adrayes but made a Fable;

*A holy Maske on Pollies Browe,*

Where vnder lyes *Disimulation*,

Lined with all *Abomination* :

Sacred RELIGION, Where art Thou ?

29

Not in the *Church*, with *Simonie* :

Nor on the *Bench*, with *Briberie* :

Nor in the *Court*, with *Machiawell* :

Nor in the *Citie*, with *Deceits* :

Nor in the *Countrie*, with *Debates* :

For, What hath *Heaven* to doe with *Hell* ?

Sith

30

Sith whatsoeuer Showe we make  
(For Profit or Promotions sake)  
What-euer Colour we put-on;  
Where, *Faith* no other Fruits affords,  
But euill-works (though ciuill words)  
Indeed is no RELIGION.

31

Reuerend RELIGION, Where's the heart  
That entertaines thee as thou art,  
Sincerely, for Thine owne respect;  
Where is the Minde, Where is the Man,  
May right be call'd a *Christian*;  
Not formall, but in true effect?

32

Who fixing all his *Faith* and *Hope*  
On GOD alone, from sacred Scope  
Of his pure Statutes will not stray:  
Who comes in Zeale and *Humblenessse*,  
With true and heartie *Singlenessse*,  
Willing to walke the perfect Way:

Who

33

Who loues, with all his Soule and Minde,  
 Almighty G O D, All-Wife, All-Kinde,  
 All-whole, All-Holy, All-sufficing :  
 Who but One onely G O D adores  
 (Though *Tyrants* rage, and *Sathan* roares)  
 Without digressing, or disguising :

34

Who G O D's due *Honour* hath not giuen  
 To Other things, in Earth or Heauen ;  
 But bow'd and vow'd to Him alone ;  
 His onely seru'd with filial Awe,  
 Pleas'd and delighted in his Lawe,  
 Discourfing Day and Night thereon ;

35

Nor, not for Forme, or Fashion sake,  
 Or, for a Time, a Showe to make,  
 Others the better to beguile :  
 Nor it, in Iest, to wrest or cite ;  
 But in his heart it deep to write,  
 And worke it with his hands the-while ;

Loving

36

Louing his neighbour as him-Selfe,  
Sharing to him his Power, his Pelfe,  
His Counsailes, Comforts, Coates, and Cates:  
Dooing in all things to his Brother,  
But as Him-selfe would wish from Other,  
Not Offring Other what Hee hates:

37

Whose Heart, inclin'd as doth behoooue-it,  
Vnlawfully doth Nothing couet  
(To Any an offence to offer):  
But, iust and gentle towards all,  
Would rather(vnto great, or small)  
Than doe one Wrong, an hundred suffer:

38

Not thiefting Others Land, or Life;  
Nor neighing after Maide or Wife;  
Nor ayming any Iniury;  
Neither of polling, nor of pilling,  
Neither of cursing, nor of killing,  
Neither of Fraud, nor Forgerie;

But

39

But will confesse, if he offend,  
 Relent, *Repent*, and soone amend,  
 And timely tender Satisfaction.  
 Sure His RELIGION is not fayned,  
 Who doth and hath him Thus demeaned;  
 Ay deadly hating *Euill-action*.

40

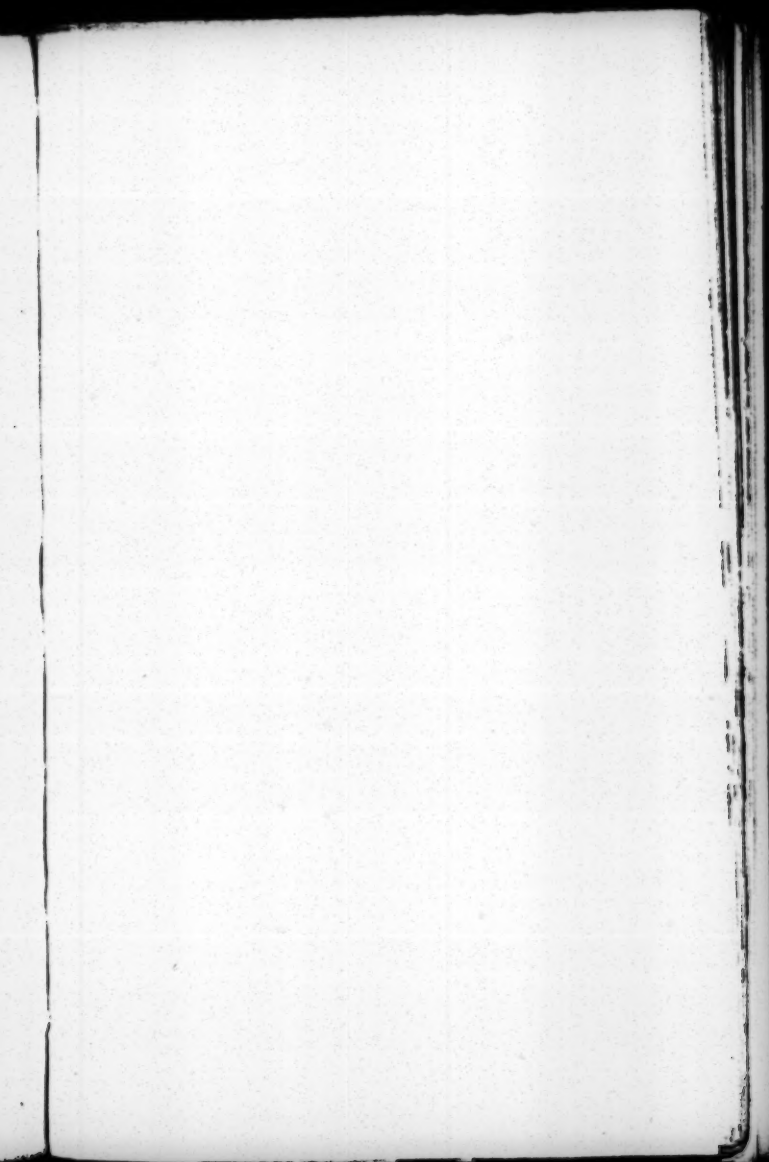
Therefore, O ! Vassalls of the Diuell,  
 That cannot, will not, cease from Euill,  
 Vessells of *Wrath* and *Reprobation*;  
 Presume no longer Now to shrowd  
 Vnder RELIGION's sacred Clowd  
 Your Manifold *Abomination*.

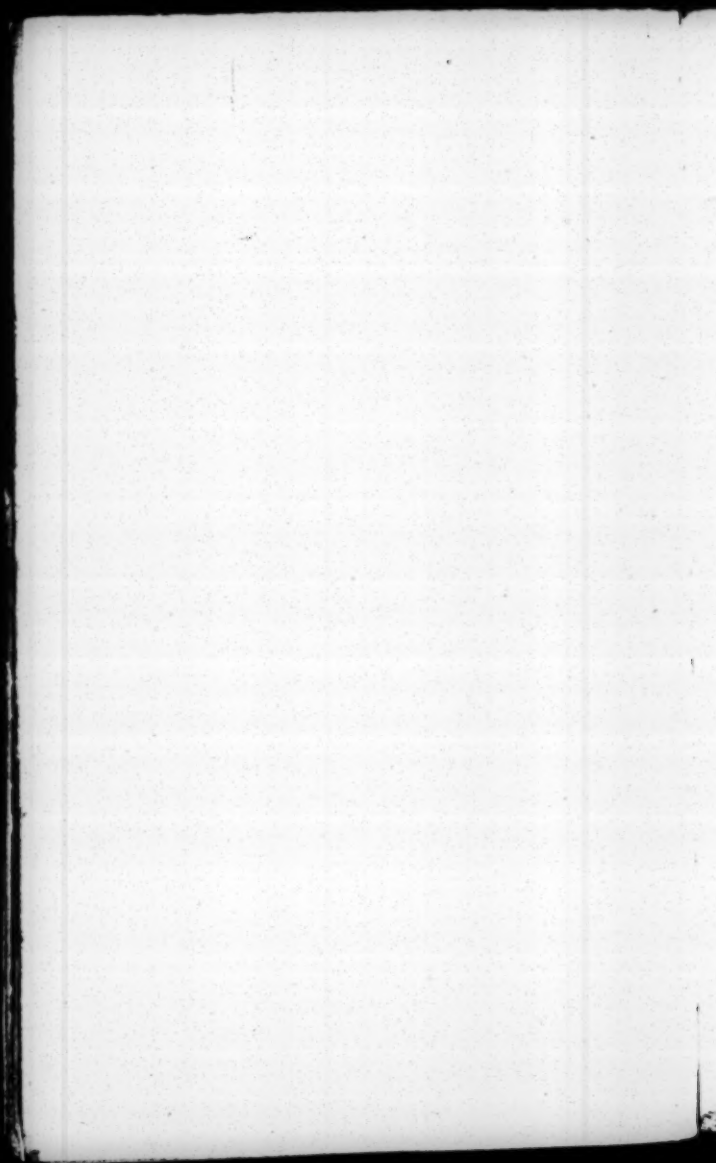
41

If, But to *seem* good, goodly seem;  
 To be good, better farre esteem:  
 Why *seem* you what to be you care not?  
 If To *seem* euill, be amisse;  
 Sure, To be euill, worse it is:  
 Why be you what To *seem* you dare not?  
 Be, as you *seem*; or *seem* the Same  
 You be: to free RELIGION's Blame.

F I N I S.



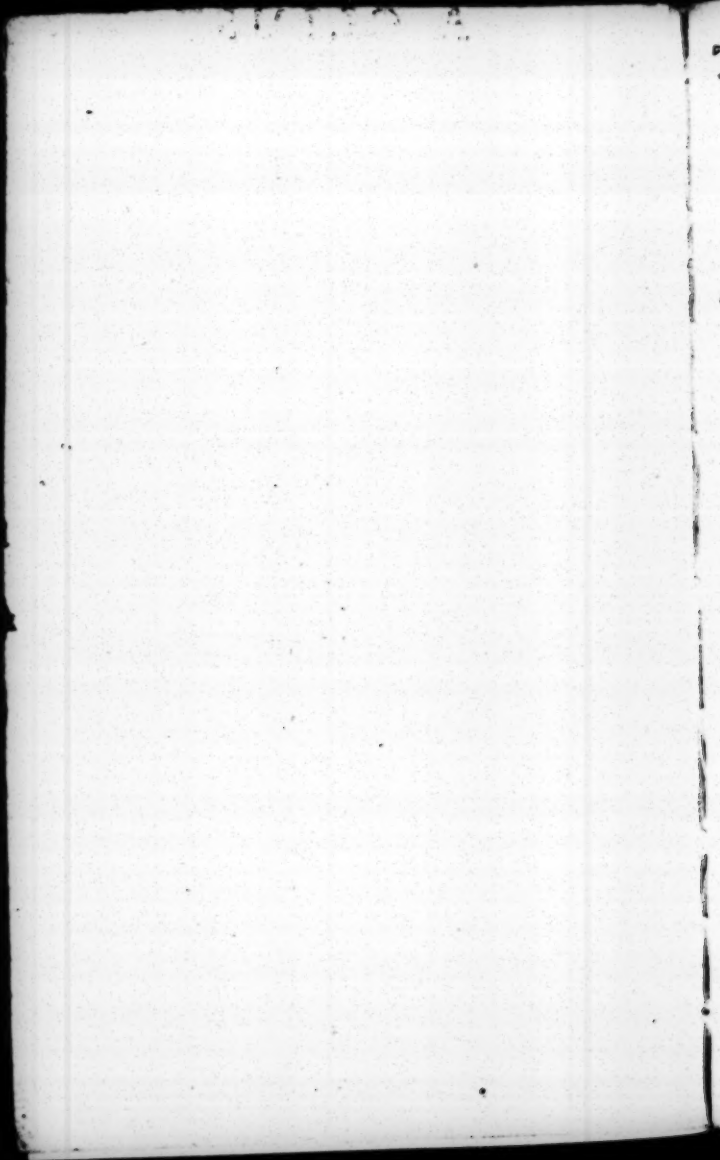




A GLIMSE  
OF  
HEAVENLY IOYES:  
Or  
New  
HIERUSALEM.

In  
*An old Hymne*  
extracted  
*from*  
The most Diuine  
S<sup>r</sup>.

AVGVSTINE.



To the Worthy Friend of Worthinesse

ST. PETER MANWOOD,

Knight of the Hon<sup>bl</sup>. Order  
of The Bath.

**T**O register, to After-Times,

Your noble Favour to My Rimes;

Your love to Vertue, Learning, Arts;

Your Bounty towards Worthy Parts;

Your Pities, and your pious Zeale

To GOD, to Church, to Common-weale;

Your Loyaltie, in every kinde;

The Honour of your Mumble Minde:

All, all my MANWOOD to rehearse,

Warrants a Volume, not a Verse.

But, poore divided I (that owe,

To many, Much; as many knowe;

And faine would give Content to Each,

So far-forth as my Stocke will reach)

Unable (after your Desart)

To render All, must tender Part;

## DEDICATORY.

To testifie my Thankfull-Thought,  
(But as I could; not as I ought)  
And what my Weaknes cannot pay,  
Tb' AL-MIGHTIE-most I humbly pray  
To guerdon with a Diadem,  
Within His NEW-IERVS ALEM.

Yours

*much Obliged,*

Iosuah Slyvester

*New*  
**HIERUSALEM.**



**M**Y Heart (as *Hart* for Water) thirsts  
 For Life's eternall Fount :

My Soule, my Bodies Prisoner, longs,  
 From Prison free, to mount ;

Sighes, sues, pursues, poore Exile heere,  
 Her Country to recouer ;

Too-abiect, subiect to Disgrace,  
 And too-too-triumph-t-ouer.

¶ She seemes to see the the Glory now,  
 Which, when she sinn'd, shee lost :

An instant Ill, of Good for-gone  
 Augments the Memory most.

¶ But, of celestially *Soueraigne Blisse*,  
 Who can set-forth the Solace !

Where stands, of euer-liuing Stones,  
 An euer-lasting Palace ;

The lofty Roofes and stately Roomes,  
 Reflecting golden beames :

The Gates and goodly Walls about,  
 Of rich and orient Gemmes :

The Streets, all pav'd with purest Gold,  
 As smooth as any Glasse is :  
 No Foile, no Soile, no Sorrow there ;  
 No Sicknes thither passes.  
 No Winter's Frost, no Summer's Toast,  
 Doth there Distemper bring :  
 But Flowres perpetuall flowering there,  
 Make there perpetuall Spring.  
 There, *Balsame, Saffron, Lillie, Rose,*  
 Doe sweat, scent, shine, and blush :  
 There, Mead, and Field (spring, spire, and yeeld)  
 Rills, Milke, and Hony gush :  
 There *Aromatick* breath-about  
 Their odoriferous Aire :  
 There, ever dangle dainty Fruits  
 On Trees full blooming faire :  
 There, neuer Moone doth waxe or wane,  
 Nor Sun, nor Starres decline ;  
 But There, the LAMP (the Light of Lights)  
 Eternally dooth shine.  
 There, Time hath no alternate Term ;  
 No Night, but ever Day ;  
 For, There, the Saints are (as the Sun)  
 Most Bright, in white Array ;



Triumphant; after Conquest, crownd,  
 In mutuall Ioy they greet;  
 Recounting safe the Battels fought,  
 Their Foes now vnder-feet;  
 Pure, purifi'd from dregs and drosses;  
 From fleshly Combats freed:  
 Their Flesh, made spirituall, with the Spirit,  
 In One self-same agreed:  
 In perfect and perpetuall Peace;  
 Subiect no more to sinning:  
 Obnoxious nor to Change, nor Chance;  
 Return'd to their Beginning.  
 And Face to Face for euer see  
 All *Beauties* Glory bright,  
 Possessing sempiternall Ioyes,  
 In that supernall Sight  
 (The Sight of GOD, the Soueraign God,  
 The Sunne of Happinesse,  
 Such as no heart can, heere comprise,  
 Nor any *Art* expresse.)  
 Installed in a *Bliss* full State  
 Of *Glory*, still The same;  
 As sure, as pure, from faile or Fall,  
 From Sorrow, Sin, and Shame.

140 NEWV-HIERVSALEM.

All ioyous, liuely, louely, bright,  
To no Miffhap expofed :  
No Danger, Death, Difcafe, nor Age;  
In Health and Youth reposed.  
Hencefoorth, for all *Eternitie*,  
They flourish fresh and green:  
For, *Death* is dead, *Time* terminated,  
*Corruption* conquer'd cleen.  
Now know they Him, that knoweth All.  
And in beholding Him  
They All behold (as in a Glaffe)  
Before them bright and brim.  
In Vnity of minde combin'd,  
One very thing they Will;  
And euer Constant, neuer croffe,  
One and the fame they Nill.  
As heer in *Grace*, in *Glory* there,  
Though diuerfly, they shine:  
Love equall's All; Each loving All  
With mutuall Love diuine.  
So that the Good of Euery-one  
Becomes the Good of All.  
Where lies the Body, lightly there  
Will Eagles flock and fall.

Where-with, with Angels, *Saincted-Soules*

Are aye refresh't and fed

(For, Either Countrie's *Borgesses*

Are nourisht with One Bread)

And euer Eain, though euer full;

Wishing but What they haue:

Not fated with Satiety;

Nor needing more to craue:

Desiring still, their fill they eate;

And eating, still desire.

Still, new melodious Songs they sound

With Heav'n's harmonious Quire;

And Organs Worthy (for His Worth

Through Whom they ouer came)

Ring *Holy, Holy, Holy, Praise*

To His most HOLY Name.

¶ O happie, happie, happie, *Soules,*

That see Heav'n's King, aboue,

And vnderneath-them Sun and Moon,

And all the World to moue!

¶ O *Christ, victorious Lord of Hosts,*

So lead my Soule and Heart,

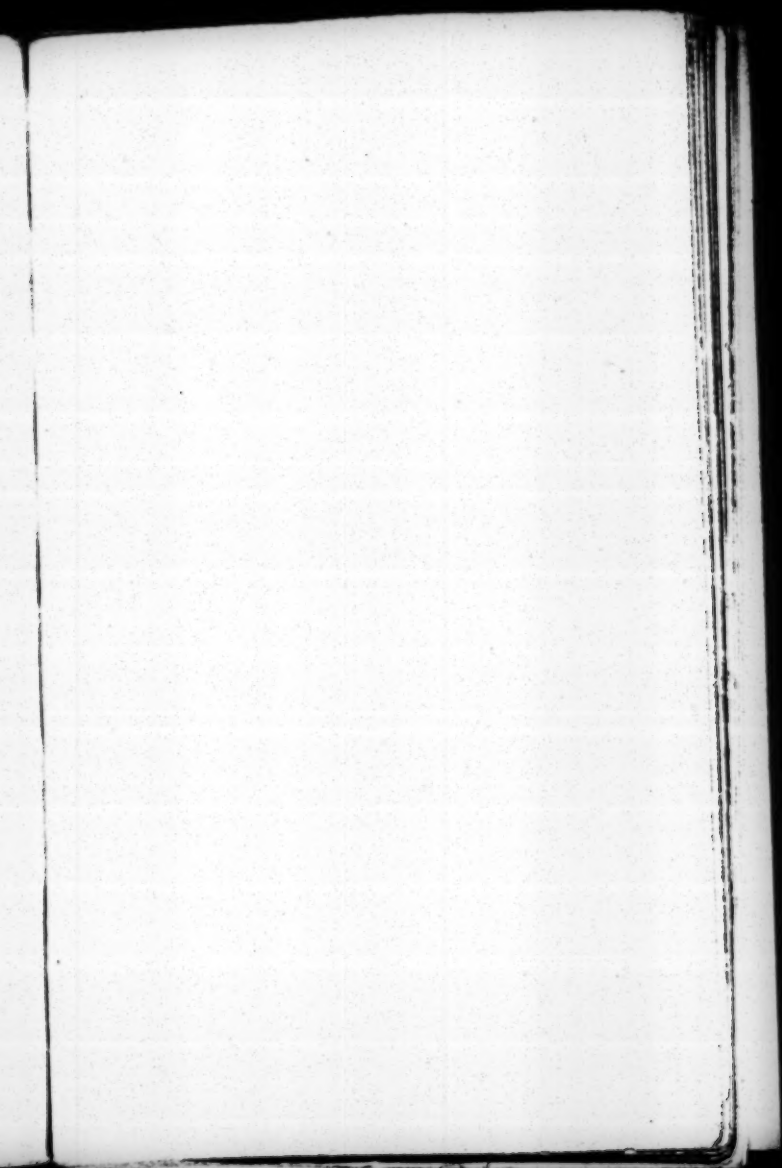
That, hauing fought, as heere I fought,

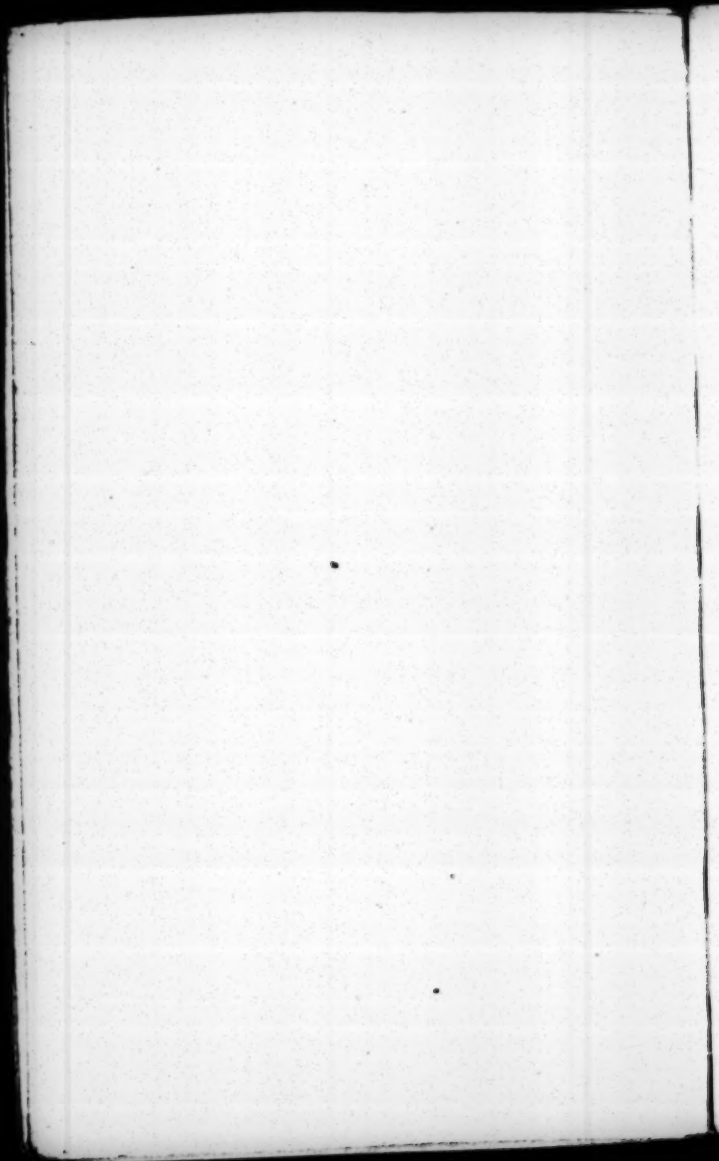
I may haue there a Part

42 NEVV-HIERVSALEM.

*Among that Blessed Hierarchie,  
In Happinesse supreme,  
A free and fellow-Citizen  
Of NEVV-HIERVSALEM.  
Vouchsafe me Grace to run my Race,  
And strenuously to strive  
Vnto the End, that in the End  
I may the Crowne attaine:  
Not for My Work, but for Thy Worth;  
Thy Mercy, not My Merit:  
So Land and Prayse be sung alwayes  
TO FATHER, SONNE, & SPIRIT.*

TRIN-VNI  
DEO  
Creatori, Redemptori,  
Directori  
MEMO,  
GLORIA  
In Secula-Seculorum,  
AMEN.





AVTO-MACHIA;

*Or*

THE SELF-CONFLICT

*of*

A CHRISTIAN.

*from*

*THE LATIN*

*of*

MR. GEORGE GOODVIN,

*Translated*

*&*

*Dedicated*

*To*

THE HONORABLE

(late)

Ld: MARY NEVIL.

By IOSVAH SYLVESTER

T O

# *The trusty-Honorable*

M<sup>RS</sup>. Cecilie Nevil,

*Anagramma Italiano.*

Cecilia Nevila.

*E Vicina al Ciel.*

Heav'n's Neighbour is your *Anagram*;  
Your Noble Graces prove the same.

**F**Aire Heire of All Your MOTHER'S Good  
(Wit, Vertue, Beautie, Bounrie, Blood)

Among the *Honors* that accrue,

By Her Decease divelv'd to You,

Mine humble *Service* and *This Song*,

(How little) doth not least belong

(In *Little* lyes a *mickle* Right;

As in a *Million* In a *Mite*)

To her *Memorial*, and Your *Merit*,

True *Mirror* of M<sup>I</sup>N<sup>E</sup>R<sup>V</sup>A'S Spirit.

Accept it therefore, double Yours;

By Her Donation, and by Ours,

*Humbly devoted*

(as most-bound)

To Both Your Noble Families,

IOSVAM SYLVESTER.



T O  
**The Right Noble,**  
 Vertuous & learned  
**LADIE,**  
**The Ladie MARY Nevil.**

Maria Nevila.

*Alia Minerva.*

**M** Adame, Your love to Learning, and the Learned;  
 (In such a time, so full of Arts neglect)  
 Right worthily to Your rare Self hath earned  
 The Love of Learning, and the learned Sect:  
 Whereby, Your Name already, returned  
 In MEMORIE'S faire Temple, high erect:  
 And there devoutly at Your Vertues Shrine,  
 I humbly offer this poore MITE of Mine;  
 Too small a Present, to so great a GRACE;  
 And too unworthy of Your Worthinesse:  
 I see that the Matter so exceeds the Masse,  
 That oft (perhaps) a greater may be lesse:  
 For, You may see, within This little Glasse,  
 The LITTLE-WORLD'S great-little-Mindednes:  
 MAN'S Strife with MAN; Our Flesh & Spirit in Duel:  
 Courageous Cowards, too-self-kindly-cruel.

## DEDICATORY.

*Vouchsafe & accept then This sma'l New-yeeres-Gift;  
With humble Powes of a dis-astred Muse,  
Which lawisfully hath sown her Seeds of Thrife  
So high and dry, that yet no Fruit ensues.  
Else need Shée not haue made so hard a Shift;  
Nor this small Gift so greatly to excuse.  
But sith, as yet, Shée cannot what Shée would;  
Madame, accept her Zeal, & what Shée could,*

*To Your Hono<sup>bl</sup>. Vertues  
most deuoted,*

I o s. SYL.

*AVTO.*

# AUTO-MACHIA.

or

## Self-Ciuiil-Warr.

I Sing not **PRIAM**, nor the Siege of **TROY**;  
 Nor **Agamemnon's** Iarr with **Thetis** Ioy;  
 I sing not heer **AENEAS** stormfull Fate;  
 Queene **Dido's** loue, nor Goddesse **Iuno's** hate;  
 I sing not **CAESAR**, nor his Sonne-in-law;  
 Whose ciuill Rage **Rome** and **Pharalia** saw.  
 I sing my **SELF**; my **Ciuiil-Warrs** within;  
 The **Victories** I howrely lose and win;  
 The dayly **Duel**, the continuall **Strife**,  
 The **Warr** that ends not, till I end my **life**.  
 And yet, not **Mine** alone, not onely **Mine**,  
 But euery-One's that vnder th' honor'd **Signe**  
 Of **CHRIST** his **Standard**, shal his **Name** enroule;  
 With holy **Vowes** of **Body** and of **Soule**.  
 Vouchsafe, O **Father**, succour from above;  
 Courage of **Soule**, comfort of hea'ny **Loue**;  
 Triumphant **Captaine**, Glorious **Generall**,  
 Furnish me **Armes** from thine owne **Arcenail**;  
 O **Sucred Spirit**, My spirit's assistant bee;  
 And in This **Conflict**, make **Mee** conquer **Mee**.

VERTUE I loue, I leane to *Vice*: I blame  
 This wicked World, yet I embrace the same.  
 I climbe to Heav'n, I cleave to Earth: I both  
 Too-loue my Self, and yet my Self I loath.  
 Peace-les, I Peace pursue, in *Civil Warr*,  
 With and against my Self, I toyne, I iarr:  
 I burn, I freeze; I fall downe, I stand fast:  
 Well-ill I fare; I lory, though disgrac't:  
 I die aliv: I triumph, put to flight;  
 I feed on Cares, in Teares I take delight:  
 My Slaue (base-braue) I serue; I roame at large,  
 In libertie, yet lie in Gaolers Charge:  
 I strike, and stroak my Self: I kindly-keen,  
 Work mine own Woe, rub my Gal, rouse my Spleen.

Oft, in my Sleep, to see rare Dreams I dreame;  
 Waking, mine Eye doth scarce discern a Beame.  
 My Minde's strange *Megrim* whirling to and fro,  
 Now thrusts me hither, thither then doth throw.  
 In diuers *Factions* I my Self diuide;  
 And All I trie, and flie to every Side.  
 What I but now desir'd, I now disdain:  
 What (late) I waigh'd not, now I wish again:  
 To-Day, to-Morrow; This, That, Now, Anon,  
 All, Nothing, crave I; Euer Neuer-one.

Dull Combatant, vnready for the Field,  
 Too-tardie take I (after wound:) my Shield.  
 Still hurried headlong to vnlawfull things,  
 Downe-dragging *Vice* Me eas'ly down-ward dings:  
 But, sacred *Vertue* climbs so hard and hie,  
 That hardly can I her steep steps descrie.

Both *Right* and *Wrong* with Mee indifferent are:  
 My *Lust* is *Law*: what I desire, I dare.,  
 (Is there so toute a *Fault*, so fond a *Fact*,  
 Which, Folly asking *Furie* dres not act?)  
 But, Art-les, heart-les, in *Religion's* Cause  
 (To doo her Lessons, and defend her Lawes)  
 The All-proof Armour of My *God* I lose,  
 Fly from my Charge, and yeeld it to his Foes.

Guilte of *Sinn*, *Sinn's* Punishment I shun,  
 But not the Guilt, before th'Offence be don  
 (For, How could shunning of a *Sinn*, eniew  
 To be occasion of another New?)  
 Oft and again at the same stone I trip,  
 As if I learn'd, by falling, not to slip.  
 Alive, I perish, and my Self vndoo;  
 Mine eyes (Self-wise) Witting and Willing too,  
 Sick, to my Self I run for my Relief;  
 So, Sicker of my *Physicke*, than my *Grief*:

For;

For, while I seeke my swelling Thirst to swage,  
 Another Thirst more ragingly doth rage:  
 While, burnt to death, to coole me I desire;  
 With Flames my Flames; with Salubr, quench I Fire:  
 While that I strive my swelling Waues to stop,  
 More stormily they tosse at oue my top.  
 Thus am I cur'd, This is my common Ease;  
 My *Medicine* still, worse than my worst Disease:  
 My Sores with Sores, my wounds with wounds I heal,  
 While to my Self, my Self I still conceal.

O what lewd Leagues! what Cruces make I still,  
 With Sin, with Sathan, and my wanton Will!  
 What slight occasions doo I take to sin!  
 What silly Traines am I intrapped in!  
 What idle Cloaks for Crimes! what Nets to hide  
 Notorious Sinns, already long descri'd!  
 I write in Ice (*Wines* *Wines*, sign'd with Shows)  
 I will redeem my *foule Life's* former howrs:  
 But, soone the swinge of Custome (*Whirlwind-like*)  
 Rapt'ng my Passion (euer Fashion-sick)  
 Transports Me to the Contrary; alone,  
 Faint Guard of *Goodnesse*: Arm-les Champion.

My *Green sick* Taste doth nothing sweeter finde,  
 Than what is bitter to a *gracious* Minde:

*Egypt's*

Egypt's fat Flesh pots I am longing-for:  
 Th' eternall *Manna* I doe euen a'horre.  
 World's Monarch *Mammon* (dropie Mysticall)  
 Cround, round-fac't Goddess, coyned *Belial*:  
*Midas's* Desire, the Miser's onely Trust;  
 The sacred hunger o' *Pastorian* Dust,  
 Gold, Gold bewitches me, and i frets accurst  
 My greedy Throat with more than *Dipsian* Thirst.  
 My minde's a Gullt, whole Gaping Nought can stuff;  
 My heart a Hell, that neuer hath enough:  
 The more I haue I craue, and lesse content;  
 In Store most Moore, in Plenty Indigent.  
 For, of these Car's, how-much so-ere I cram,  
 It doth not stop my Mouth, but stretch the same.

Sweet *Vsurie's* Incestuous Interest,  
 For Dailies, Dolours hoordeth in my Chest.  
 The World's Slave *Profit*, & the Minde's Slut *Pleasure*  
 (Insatiate Both, Both bound-lets, Both past measure:  
 This *Chloë*, that *Sardanapale*)  
 For huge Annoyes, bring loyes but short and small,  
 O, Miracle! begot by Heauen, in Earth  
 (My Minde diuine. My Bodie brute by Birth)  
 O! what a Monster am I, to depaint!  
 Halfe-Friend, halfe-Fiend, halfe-Sauage, halfe a Saint;  
 Higher

High'r than my Fire doth my grosse Earth aspire;  
 My raging Fleth, my retch-lesse Force doth tire,  
 And (drunk with Worlds-Must, & deep sunk in Sleep)  
 My spirit (the Spy, that warie Watch should keep)  
 Betrayes, alas! (Woe that I trust it so)  
 My Soule's deer Kingdome, to her deadly Foe.

Through Cares *Charybdis*, & rough Gulls of Grief,  
 Star-lar-bord run I, Sailing a lmy Life  
 On merry-forry Seas; my Wnde, my Will;  
 My Ship, my Fleth; My Sente, my Pilot still.

As in a most Seditious *Common-weale*,  
 Within my Brest I feel my Best rebell:  
 Against their Prince my furious People rise;  
 Their Aw-lesse Prince dares his owne Lawe despise.  
 Mine *Eue's* an Out-law: And my struggling Twins  
*Jacob* and *Esau* neuer can be friends.

Such deadly Feud, such discord, such despight  
 (Euen betweene Brethren) such continuall fight.

What's done in Me, Another doth, not I;  
 Yet both (alas!) my Guest and Enemy:  
 My minde, vn-kind (suborned by my Foe)  
 Indeed, within me, but not with me Tho;  
 Neer, yet far-off; in fleshly Lees be-soild,  
 And with the World's contagious Filth defil'd.



I am too-narrow for mine owne Desires;  
 My Selfe denies me, what my Selfe requires:  
 Fearfull I hope: carefull-secure I languish:  
 Hungry too-full; Dry-Drunken; sugred Anguish;  
 Wearie of Life, merry in Death; I suck  
 Wine from the Pumice; Hony from the Rock.  
 On Thornes my Grapes; on Garlick growes my Rose;  
 From Crums my Sums; from Flint my Fountain flowes:  
 In showres of Teares, mine houres of Fears I mourne:  
 My Looks to Brooks, my Beams to Streams I turne:  
 Yet, in this Torrent of my Torments rise,  
 I sink Annoyes, and drink the Ioyes of Life.

Dim light, brim night; Beams wauing cloudy-cleere:  
 Vnttable State, void hope, vaine Help, far-neer:  
 False-true Perswasion, Law-lets Lawfulness;  
 Confused Method, Milde-wilde War-like Peace:  
 Disorderd Order, Mournetull Meriments;  
 Dark Day, Wrong way, Dull double-Diligence:  
 Infamous Fame, known Error, Skil-less Skull:  
 Mad Minde, rude Reason, an vnwilling Will:  
 A healthie Plague, a wealthie Want, poor Treasure,  
 A pleasing Torment, a Tormenting Pleasure:  
 An odious Lust, a ugly Beauty; base  
 Reproachful Honour, a disgracefull Grace:

A fruit-lesse Fruite, A dry dis-flowered Flower :  
 A feeble force, a Conquered Conquerour :  
 A sickly Health, dead Life, and rest-lesse Rest,  
 These are the Comforts of my Soule distrest.

O! how I Like, Dis-like; Desire, Disdaine;  
 Repell, repeal; loathe, and delight againe!  
 O! What, Whom, Whether (neither Flesh nor Fish)  
 How, weary of, the same againe I wish!  
 I will, I will; I will, I will; my Minde  
 Perswading This, my Mood to That inclin'd.  
 My loose Affection (*Proteus*-like) appears  
 In euery Forme; at-once it frownes and fleers.  
 Mine ill-good Will, is vaine and variable:  
 My (*Hydra*) Flesh, buds Heads innumerable:  
 My Minde's a Maze; a Labyrinth, my Reason:  
 Mine Eye (false Spy) the Doore to Phantasies Treason:  
 My rebell Sense (Self-soothing) still affects  
 What it should fly; What it should ply, neglects:  
 My sitting Hope, with Passions Storms is tost  
 But now to Heauen, anon to Hell almost:  
 Concording Discord kills me; and againe,  
 Discording Concord doth my Life sustaine.

My Selfe at once I both displease and please;  
 Without my Selfe, my Selfe I faine would Seaze:

For

For, my too-much of Me, Me much annoyes :  
And my Selfe's Plentry, my poore Selfe destroyes ;  
Who seeks Me in Me, In Me shall not finde  
Me as my Selfe : *Hermaphrodite* in minde,  
I am (at once) Male, Female, Neuter : yet  
What-ere I am, I am not mine, I weete :  
I am not with my selfe, as I conceiue :  
Wretch that I am, my Selfe, my Selfe deceiue ;  
Vnto my Selfe, my Selfe : my Selfe betraye :  
I, from my selfe, banish my Selfe away :  
My Selfe agrees not with my Selfe a jot,  
Knowes not my Selfe ; I haue my Selfe forgot :  
Against my Selfe, my Selfe mooue Iarresvniust ;  
I trust my Selfe, and I my Selfe distrust :  
My Selfe I followe, and my Selfe I fly :  
Besides my Selfe, and in my Selfe, am I :  
My Selfe am not my Selfe, another. same ;  
Vnlike my Selfe, and like my Selfe I am ;  
Selfe-fond, Selfe-furious : and thus, Wayward Elfe,  
I cannot liue, with, nor with-out my Selfe.

*FINIS.*

A Cup of Consolation for  
the Christian in his  
*Conflict.*

\* \*  
\* \*

**W**Hy, Silly Man, sick of exceeding Griefe,  
What boots it Thee, vncertain of thy Life,  
Of thy Disease to make so much adoo?  
Thou coward Souldier, and vntoward too,  
Away with Feare: desie both Death and Hell:  
Meet Armes with Armes, and Darts with Darts repell:  
So, the first On-set, in this furious Fray,  
Shall towards Heauen make thee an easie Way;  
And open wide those Gates so hardily wonne,  
Where Snowie-winged *Victorie* doth wunne:  
Thou must be valiant, and with Dant. lefs brest  
Rush through the thickest, Run vpon the best  
Of brauing Foes; and on their Flight and Foile,  
Reare noble Trophies of triumphant Spoile.  
For, This World's Prince, dark *Limboe's* Potentate,  
Drifts Man's Destruction, and with deadly Hate  
(Still Strife-full) labours, and by all meanes seeks  
To trouble All, and Heauen with Hell to mix.

Great

Great War with-in there is ; great War with-out ;  
 With Fleth and Blood, and with the World about.  
 On this Side, smiling *Hope* (with smootheſt brow)  
 Falſe-promiſeth long Peace, and Plenty too :  
 On that Side, ſallow *Fear* (with fainring breath)  
 Checks thoſe proud thoughts with Threats of War &  
 And (weary of it Selfe) it Self diſtruſts, (Deaths  
 It Selfe deſtroyes, and to Confuſion thruſts ;  
 And ignorant of it ſelfe's Good (yer Tryall)  
 In Iealouſ Rage it euen betraies the loyall.

Here, Cloud-browd *Sorrow*, Whirle-wind-like it hies  
 Th' amated Minde to roile and tyrannize :  
 There, dampled *by* nimble cunning round  
 Her gawdy Troops that ſtand vpon no ground ;  
 Whoſe brittle Gloſſe and glorie laſts and ſhines  
 As Stubble-Fire, and Duſt before the Windes.

What ſhould I ſpeake of all the ſnarefull Wiles,  
 And cunning Colours of myſterious Guiles,  
 Where-with Death's Founder, and thy Life's drad Foe,  
 Improvident Man-kind doth ouerthrow ?

Yet, be Courageous, yeeld not vnto Euill ;  
 Reſiſt Beginnings, and deſie the Duell.  
 For ſure Defence amid theſe fell Alarms,  
 Quick buckle-on theſe ay-victorious Arms :

Fiſt,

First, gird thy Loynes with *Truth*; thy Bosome dresse  
 In the sure Brest-plate of pure *Righteousnesse*:  
 Put, on thy Head, the Helmet of *Saluation*:  
 Vpon thy Feet, Shooes of the Preparation  
 Of *Heaven's Glad-tidings*: Beare vpon thine Arme  
 The Shield of *Faith* (Shot free from euery harme).  
 Hell's fierie Darts repell thou with the same; (Flames  
 And through it's Splendor, quench their Flame with  
 Take in thy hand the bright two-edged-Sword  
 OF GOD'S Soule-parring, Morrow-piercing, *Word*:  
 Thus compleat arm'd from GOD'S owne *Arcenal*,  
 And watching duely for his Aide to call,  
 Thou without doubt shalt quickly ouer-come  
 The World, the Flesh, Sin, Death, & Hell (in summe).  
 And so (through CHRIST, thy Captain, & thy King)  
 Of Sin, thy Selfe, And *Sathan* triumphing,  
 Thou shalt (in fine,) the *Happy Crowne* obtaine,  
 And in th' eternall Promis'd *Kingdome* raigne.

FINIS.

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